

GREAT NEW JOKE COMPETITION STARTS INSIDE!

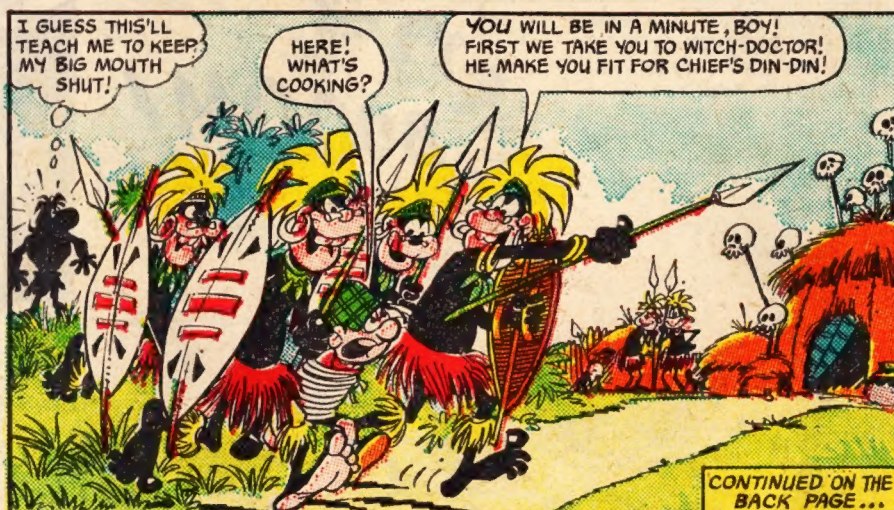
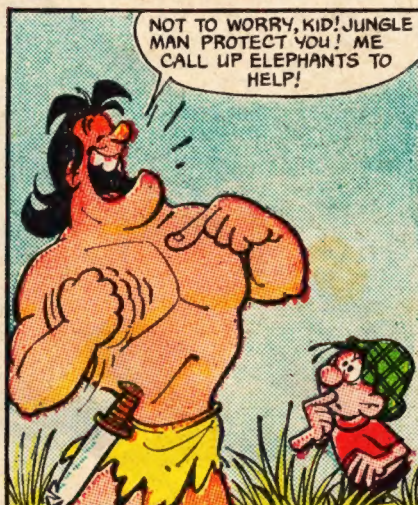
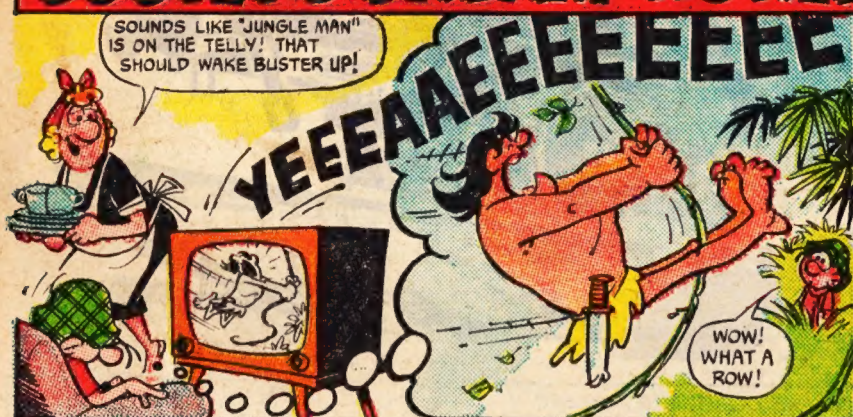
BUSTER ^{7d}

EVERY MONDAY and **Giggle**

30th MARCH, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .65; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120.

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD



CONTINUED ON THE BACK PAGE...

ONLY BRIEF SECONDS SEPARATED THE BOY FROM DISASTER!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus was marooned on Earth and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he was carrying a farmer, his wife and their injured daughter along the railway line to Osaka, when an attempt was made to destroy him. Struck down, Galaxus lay helpless as a wagon-load of dynamite hurtled close by...

T-THAT FUSE...
I'VE GOT TO
RIP IT
CLEAR!

NO, JIM,
NO... YOU DON'T
STAND A CHANCE.
THE WHOLE WAGON'S
GOING TO
EXPLODE!



FRANTICALLY, JIM TRIED...

A-ANOTHER FIVE
SECONDS... NO
MORE!



HIS CLAWING FINGERS
CLUTCHED... THEN
THREW!



IT'S GOING
OVER THE
EMBANKMENT...
I'VE DONE
IT!

SECONDS LATER, THE HEAVY
WAGON SMASHED INTO THE
PILE OF DEBRIS NEAR THE
SHATTERED TUNNEL...

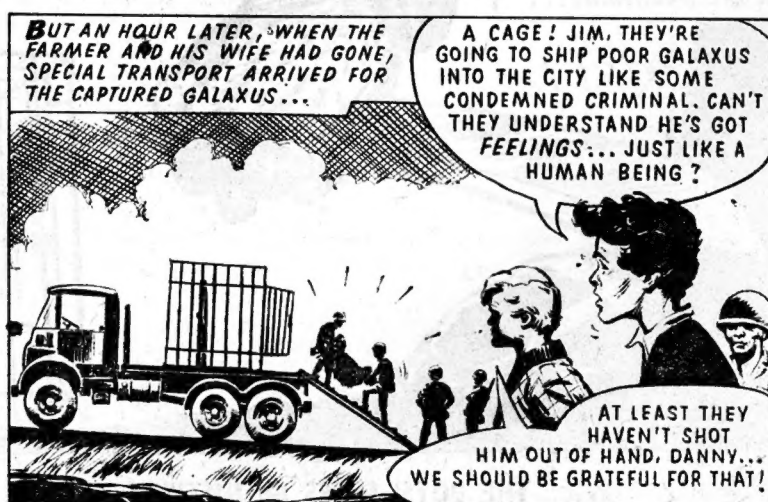
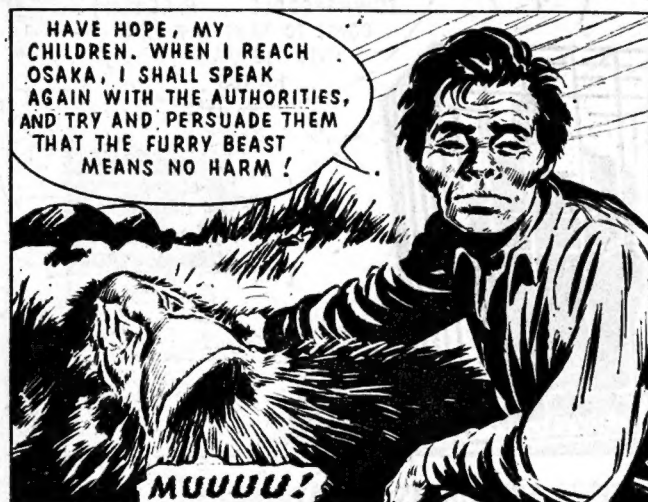
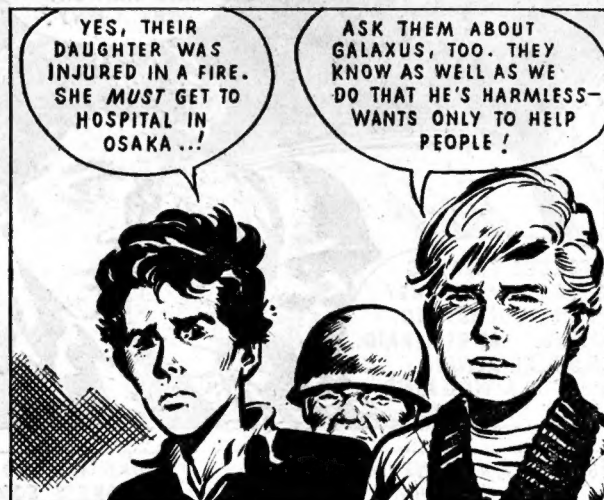
BOOOM!



JIM! JIM,
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

YES, THANK
GOODNESS!
BUT IF THE REST OF THAT
DYNAMITE HAD GONE OFF
ON IMPACT, IT WOULD HAVE
BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY!
WHERE'S GALAXUS?





ROUGHLY, THE BEWILDERED, FRIGHTENED SPACE-CREATURE WAS BUNDLED INTO HIS IRON PRISON...



AND AS THE TRUCK TRUNDLED SLOWLY INTO OSAKA, ANGRY CROWDS THROGGLED THE STREETS...

THE GIANT!
THE GIANT HAS
BEEN CAUGHT
AT LAST!

DESTROY
HIM!



HELD CAPTIVE IN THE CAG, JIM AND DANNY GASPED IN DISMAY...

LISTEN TO
THEM, JIM, THEY
HATE HIM. OH,
WHY... WHY?

BECAUSE GALAXUS
IS SOMETHING THEY
DON'T UNDERSTAND,
DANNY. THEY'RE AFRAID..
AND FEAR ALWAYS
BREEDS A WILD KIND
OF HATRED!



NIGHT FELL... AND FROM A CELL IN
POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE BOYS
GAZED MISERABLY OUT ON TO A
SMALL COURTYARD...

STILL IN HIS CAGE.
UNABLE TO SHRINK OR
GROW TO GIANT SIZE. OH,
JIM, WHAT CAN
WE DO?

NOTHING AT THE
MOMENT, DANNY.
UNTIL GALAXUS GETS
OVER HIS ELECTRIC SHOCK,
WE'RE HELPLESS!



SUDDENLY, A FAINT MOVEMENT
CAUGHT JIM'S EYE...

DANNY, LOOK!
T-THERE'S SOMEONE
CLIMBING OVER
THE WALL!



EVEN AS THEY WATCHED, THE
LURKING FIGURE LAUNCHED
HIMSELF VIOLENTLY AT THE
POLICE SENTRY...

UUUUFH!



NEXT MOMENT, A LONG,
CURVED KNIFE FLASHED
IN THE MOONLIGHT...

OH, GOOD GRIEF! T-THAT
MUST BE ONE OF THE
TOWNSPEOPLE... H-HE'S
COME TO TAKE THE LAW
INTO HIS OWN
HANDS!

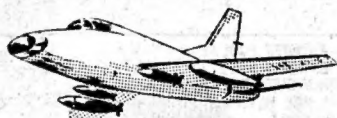
YES... AND
KILL GALAXUS
WHILE HE HAS
THE CHANCE!



WILL THE BOYS' FEARS BE JUSTIFIED? NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE IS SENSATIONAL!

BUSTER Giggles

**STAR PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**



MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT
JIGSAW
PUZZLE



PAINTING-BY-
NUMBERS SET



CHARM
BRACELET

WALLET
OF BALL-
POINT PENS

Send your joke on a postcard to:
"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO
THE SENDER OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

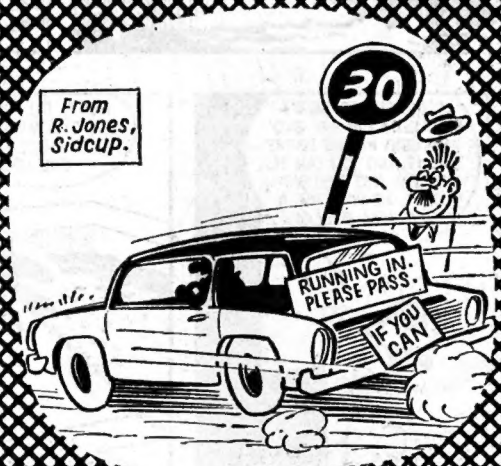
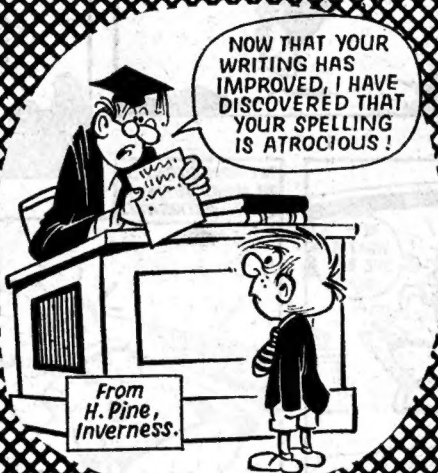
(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:

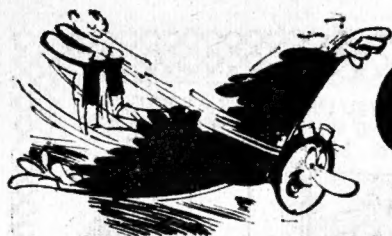
- 1
- 2
- 3

If I win, the gift I choose is:

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR
POSTCARD.

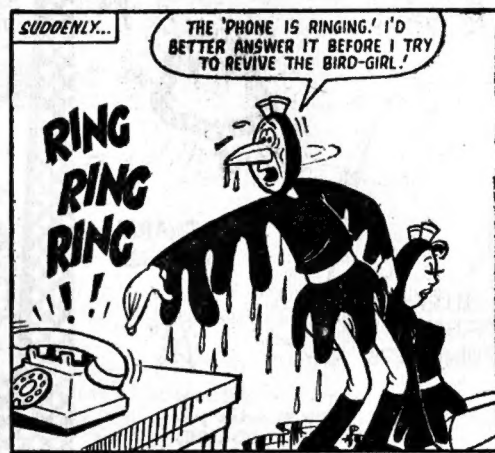
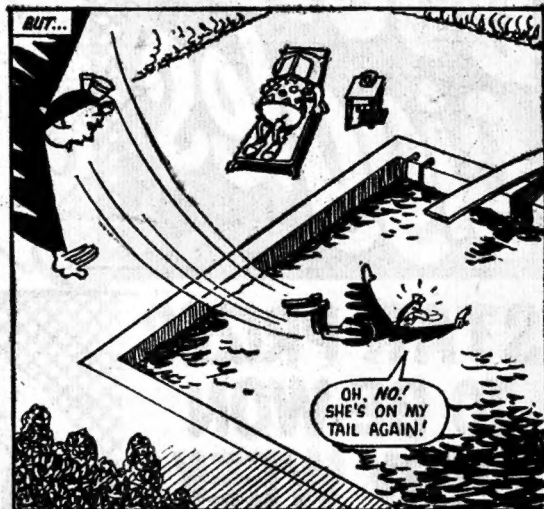


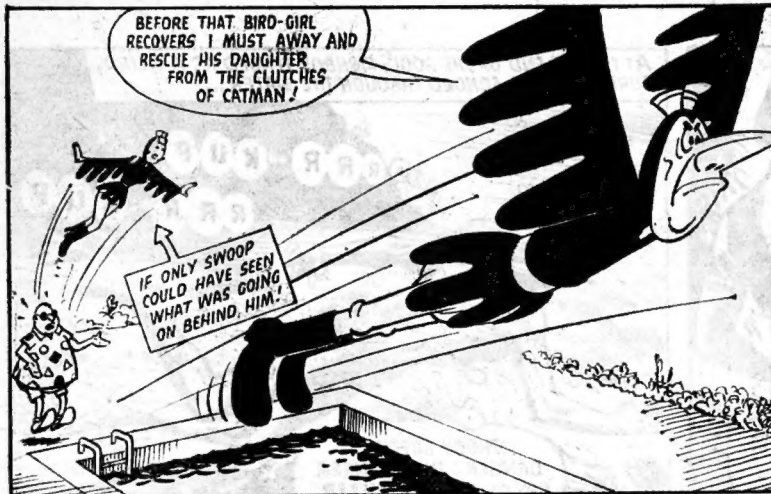
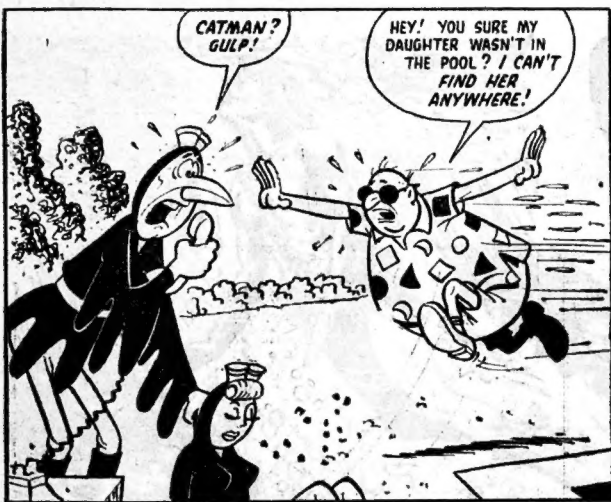
SWOOP TOOK THE PLUNGE—AND FELT A PROPER DRIP!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT





WILL THE BIRD-GIRL FOIL SWOOP THIS TIME? TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONDAY!

Join the Ovaltiners Club Producing a T.V. Spectacular

When you watch T.V. do you ever wonder how much work and planning goes into putting a television spectacular on the screen? We just turn a switch and the programme comes right into our homes. Behind the scenes, however, people have taken weeks to prepare the show.



Work starts on the design and building of sets, anything from a castle to a spaceship, many weeks in advance.



The producer's assistant has a busy time making sure that everything will be O.K. on the big day. She arranges rehearsals and meets famous stars arriving from abroad.

Dress rehearsal day. Rehearsals without cameras and microphones have already taken place. Actors and performers have learned their parts. Today they rehearse with cameras, lighting, costumes and full make-up.



"Camera One, Vision on." This is the moment everyone has worked so hard for. In the control room the producer and his assistant see the programme through to its end. Life for the men and women who bring us television entertainment is hectic but exciting. Any demanding career takes a lot of energy—and to replace this we all need a good night's sleep. Always remember, Ovaltine helps put back what the day takes out.

Ovaltine makes the scene. The Ovaltine Club is run by the makers of Ovaltine the delicious 'any time' drink—it tastes super, hot or cold. When you buy Ovaltine, keep the label, you can use it to obtain some terrific offers.
Now! Join the Ovaltiners Club. See what you get. Fill in the coupon and enclose a postal order for 2/6d plus a label from any tin of Ovaltine. You will receive the **Ovaltiners Club Badge, Member's Wallet, Membership Card, details of the Ovaltiners 'Photostamp' offer AND a super free EP disc** recorded by Eric Delaney and His Music.
This record is only available to the first 10,000 members.



To: The Ovaltiners Club, 99 Park Lane, London W1
I wish to join the Ovaltiners Club. I enclose a 2/6d postal order made out to "The Ovaltiners Club" plus an Ovaltine label. (Please write in CAPITAL letters.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
DATE OF BIRTH _____ BUS _____

READ THE SPECIAL OVALTINERS CLUB NEWS IN THIS PAPER EVERY FORTNIGHT

FISHBOY FOUGHT FOR SURVIVAL . . . AGAINST KILLER FISH !

FISHBOY

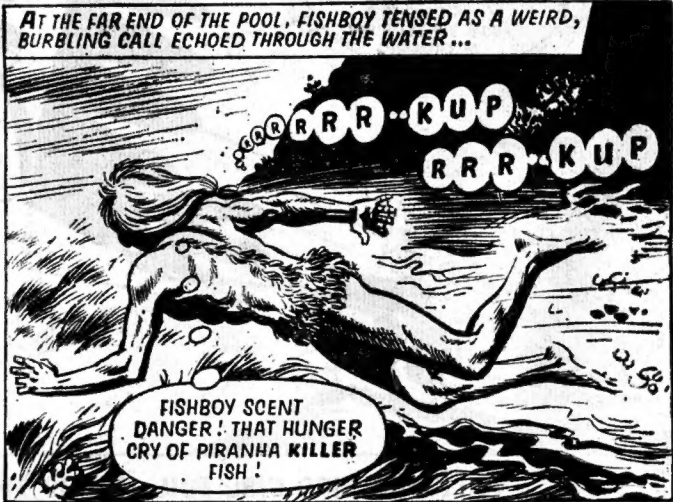
Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy gradually developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them. Reaching the Persian Gulf he was captured by a fanatical marine research scientist named Sergio Bonetti. Fishboy tried to escape, and dived into a large ornamental pool . . .



THE FRESH-WATER POND - IT IS STOCKED WITH KILLER FISH ! THE BOY IS DOOMED !

YES ! NO CREATURE ON EARTH IS SAFE FROM THE JAWS OF A PIRANHA !



AT THE FAR END OF THE POOL, FISHBOY TENSED AS A WEIRD, BURBLING CALL ECHOED THROUGH THE WATER ...

RRRRRR KUP
RRR KUP

FISHBOY SCENT DANGER ! THAT HUNGER CRY OF PIRANHA KILLER FISH !



JAWS AGAPE, THE DEADLY SHOAL CLOSED IN...AND FRANTICALLY FISHBOY TRIED TO REASON WITH THEM IN THEIR OWN STRANGE LANGUAGE ...

BLU SICCOGLE..PLUP

RRR...RRR KUP..KUP..KP



N-NO GOOD..THEY TOO HUNGRY TO LISTEN ! THEY ATTACK !



NEXT MOMENT, FISHBOY WAS FIGHTING TO KEEP THE FISH AT BAY..

RAR RAR



ON THE EDGE OF THE LAKE, BONETTI AND HIS ASSISTANT GASPED IN DISMAY ...

PROFESSOR, WE MUST HELP HIM. WE MUST !

THERE ARE NETS IN THE BOATING HUT. FETCH THEM, QUICKLY !

FRANTICALLY, THE MEN RAKED THE LONG-HANDLED NETS THROUGH THE WATER...



INSTANTLY, THE REMAINING PIRANHA ATTACKED!



LAUGHING FANATICALLY, BONETTI STEPPED CLOSER TO THE BANK, THEN SLIPPED!



WITH AMAZING SPEED, FISHBOY SHOT FROM THE WATER... HIS WEBBED HANDS DRAGGING BONETTI CLEAR IN THE NICK OF TIME...



GO, FISH-CREATURE... ESCAPE NOW WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE. BECAUSE IF YOU REMAIN AS BONETTI'S SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY, YOU WILL NEVER KNOW FREEDOM AGAIN!



MINUTES LATER, THE YOUNGSTER WAS RACING TOWARDS THE INTERIOR OF IRAQ...



AND THEN, A MILE UP THE ROAD...



CAUTIOUSLY, HE RAN ACROSS THE TRACKS...



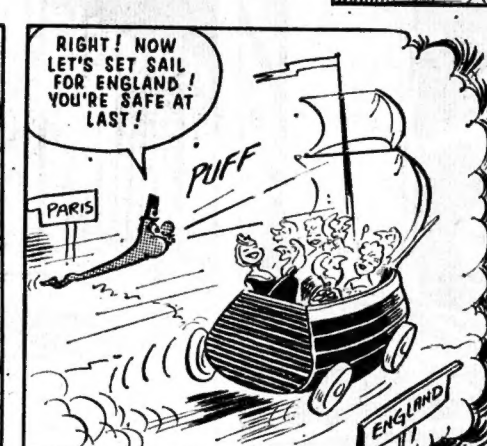
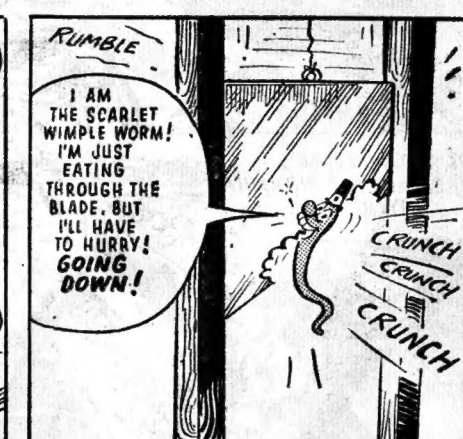
THE SLIDING DOOR SLAMMED SHUT- AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, FISHBOY REALISED HIS MISTAKE...



IS THERE NO ESCAPE FOR THE UNFORTUNATE FISHBOY? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S THRILLS!

THE SCARLET WIMPLE WORM HAS TO LOOK SHARP... OR SOME PEOPLE WILL GET IT IN THE NECK!

Wonder Worm



NEXT WEEK. THE STORY OF AN ANCESTOR IN KING ARTHUR'S TIME! IT'S STRONG STUFF, PALS!

CHARLIE WAS AMAZED . . . HIS NAME MEANT NOTHING TO MODERN CRIMINALS !

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of **Charlie Peace**



A SLIGHT NOISE DISTURBED
CHARLIE . . .



SWIPE ME!
CAN'T A GEEZER
GET A DROP OF SHUT-
EYE ON A SATURDAY
AFTERNOON WIVOUT
DISHONEST CHARACTERS
BUSTIN' IN?

PEACE WAS
OUTNUMBERED . . .



DIDN'T EXPECT
ANYONE TO BE HERE,
BOSS! BUT NO NEED TO
WORRY... IT'S ONLY
AN OLD TRAMP!

ME... AN
OLD TRAMP?
I'VE NEVER BEEN
SO INSULTED IN
ALL ME DAYS!

CHARLIE WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE
HIS POSITION CLEAR . . .



I'LL HAVE YOU
KNOW I'M THE
MASTER-CRIMINAL
WOT EVERY CRUSHER
IN LONDON WOULD GIVE
A MONTH'S PAY TO
LAY 'ANDS ON!
I'M CHARLIE
PEACE!

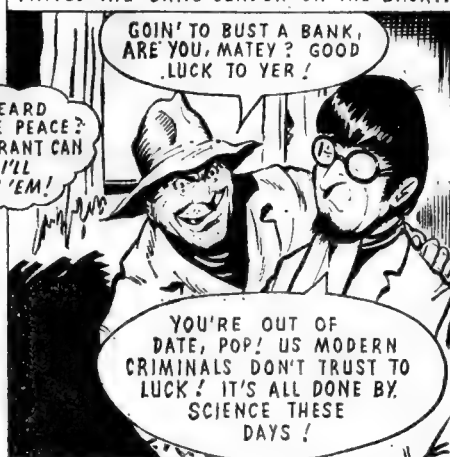
NEVER
HEARD OF
YOU!

BAH! WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH
TIME! GET THAT EQUIPMENT
ASSEMBLED, MEN! WE'LL START
CUTTING OUR WAY INTO THE BANK
VAULT ACROSS THE STREET,
DIRECTLY IT GETS DARK!



NEVER HEARD
OF CHARLIE PEACE?
'OW H'IGNORANT CAN
YOU GET? I'LL
SHOW 'EM!

THE VICTORIAN VILLAIN GENEROUSLY
PATTED THE GANG LEADER ON THE BACK..



GOIN' TO BUST A BANK,
ARE YOU, MATEY? GOOD
LUCK TO YER!

YOU'RE OUT OF
DATE, POP! US MODERN
CRIMINALS DON'T TRUST TO
LUCK! IT'S ALL DONE BY
SCIENCE THESE
DAYS!

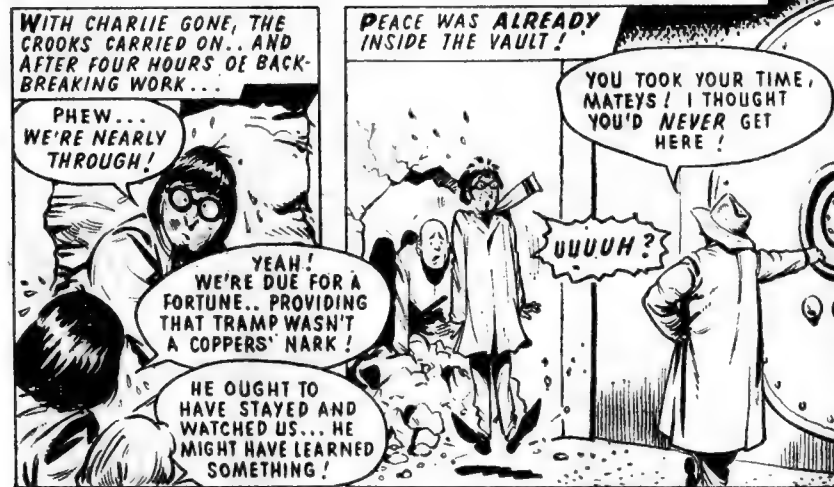
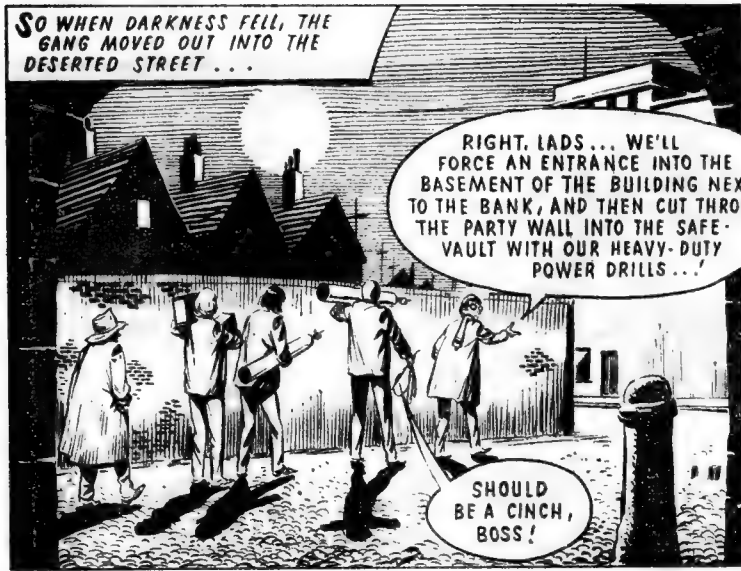
THEN CHARLIE MOVED INNOCENTLY
AMONG THE BUSY CROOKS . . .



COR, YOU'VE GOT
ENOUGH FANCY GEAR
HERE TO BUILD A BANK,
LET ALONE CRACK ONE!
LET ME GIVE YOU
AN 'AND...!

GARN,
YOU WOULDN'T
KNOW AN OXY
ACETYLENE
CYLINDER IF
YOU SAW
ONE!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-



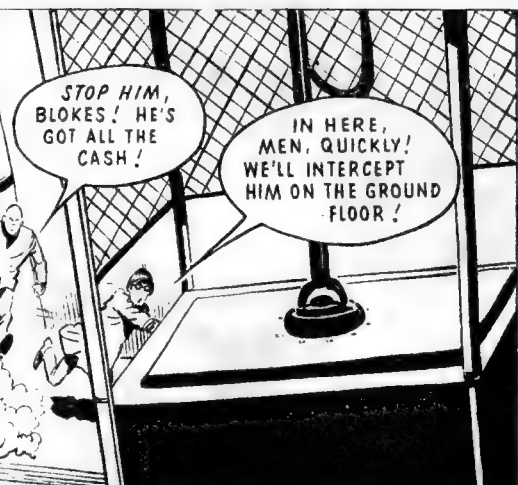


HOW THE HECK DID YOU MANAGE IT, YOU CRAFTY OLD CODGER?

THERE AIN'T NO LOCK CAN KEEP OUT THE GREAT CHARLIE PEACE, MATEY! I CAME IN THROUGH THE DOOR... AND I'M GOIN' OUT THE SAME WAY!



HUR, HUR! I'M WELL AWAY!



STOP HIM, BLOKES! HE'S GOT ALL THE CASH!

IN HERE, MEN, QUICKLY! WE'LL INTERCEPT HIM ON THE GROUND FLOOR!



WE'VE GOT HIM NOW!

USE OF THIS LIFT OUT OF OFFICE HOURS WILL AUTOMATICALLY ALERT THE POLICE.

STONE THE CROWS, THE PERISHERS USED ONE OF THEM NEW-FANGLED ELEVATORS! I'VE BEEN BAFFLED BY SCIENCE THIS TIME!



THE CROOKS GRABBED CHARLIE...

HOY, LEGGO! I EARNED THIS LOOT, FAIR AND SQUARE! FINDINGS, KEEPINGS!

OKAY, POP! SO NOW WE'VE FOUND IT... AND WE'LL KEEP IT!



SUDDENLY, THE MAIN DOORS OF THE BANK BURST OPEN...

OH HECK! THE LAW!

PAH! TRUST THE BLINKIN' BUNGLERS TO TIP OFF THE CRUSHERS!

THOSE BANK ROBBERS USED THE LIFT AND SET OFF THE BURGLAR-ALARM SYSTEM! ROUND THEM UP, MEN!



ONLY PEACE AVOIDED IMMEDIATE CAPTURE...

PUT THE CUFFS ON THEM, MEN!

WE'VE HAD IT!

FAT LOT OF USE YOUR SCIENTIFIC KNOW-HOW IS NOW, MATEYS! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW A MASTER-CRIMINAL DEALS WITH THOSE CRUSHERS!



CHARLIE HAD DISAPPEARED BY THE TIME THE GANG WAS LED AWAY...

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT FUNNY LITTLE GEEZER, MEN... HE SHOWED US A THING OR TWO, AND NOW HE'S GOT CLEAN AWAY!

YEAH, THERE'S HIS HAT AND COAT HANGING ON THE COAT RACK!



THE VICTORIAN ARCH-VILLAIN HAD DEMONSTRATED HIS CUNNING ONCE AGAIN...

HUR, HUR! AND CHARLIE'S INSIDE 'IS HAT AND COAT! THESE MODERN-DAY VILLAINS 'AVE GOT ALL THE EQUIPMENT... EXCEPT BRAINS!



LATER, BACK IN HIS HIDE-OUT...

AND JUST TO RUB IT IN, I KEPT THAT GANG-LEADER'S WALLET WOT I NICKED FROM HIS POCKET AT THE BEGINNIN'! HE WON'T BE NEEDIN' IT IN JUG, ANYWAY! AND HE'LL KNOW WHO CHARLIE PEACE IS NEXT TIME! HUR, HUR!

ENJOY ANOTHER EXPLOIT OF THE MASTER-THIEF AGAIN NEXT MONDAY!

THE TWO PALS WERE COMPLETELY TAKEN ABACK BY CHICK KARGO'S STARTLING REVELATION!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Nutty Slack had clobbered a pair of tag-team wrestlers known as the "Twin Terrors", who had robbed him and Clarence Todworthy. The Terrors' gangster manager, Chick Kargo, had the pals captured, and insisted that they fight in the Terrors' place against the mysterious Leopard-Men...

ABSOLUTE BEDLAM GREETED NUTTY AND CLARENCE AS THEY ALIGHTED FROM THE GANGSTERS' CAR IN A WATERFRONT BACK STREET...



IT IS A WRESTLING HALL!

IF IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE TWIN TERRORS, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU TWO!



I MUST PROTEST! EVEN TO BE SEEN IN A DISREPUTABLE PLACE LIKE THIS IS BAD FOR KING NUTTY'S IMAGE!

YOU'RE LUCKY HE'S GOT AN IMAGE AFTER WHAT HE DID TO THE TWIN TERRORS, BUD!



THE PALS WERE FORCED INTO A DINGY DRESSING-ROOM...

OH, WHAT DOES IT MATTER, CLARENCE? THEY'VE PROMISED TO LET US GO AFTER WE'VE BEATEN THE LEOPARD-MEN, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH!



CHICK KARGO WENT ON SLYLY...

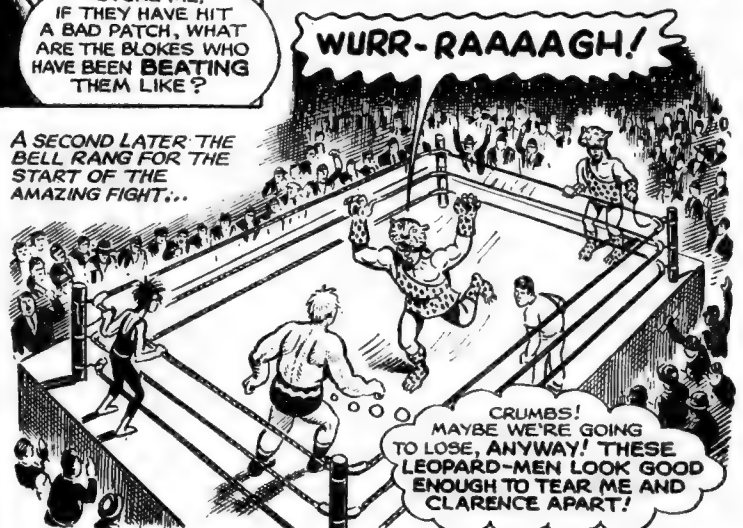
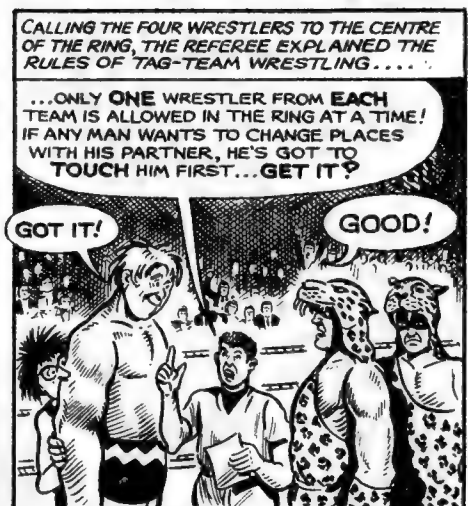


NUTTY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EARS...

YOU... YOU MEAN YOU'VE PUT ALL YOUR MONEY ON OUR OPPONENTS? BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THAT ME AND CLARENCE ARE GOING TO LOSE?

BECAUSE I SAY SO...



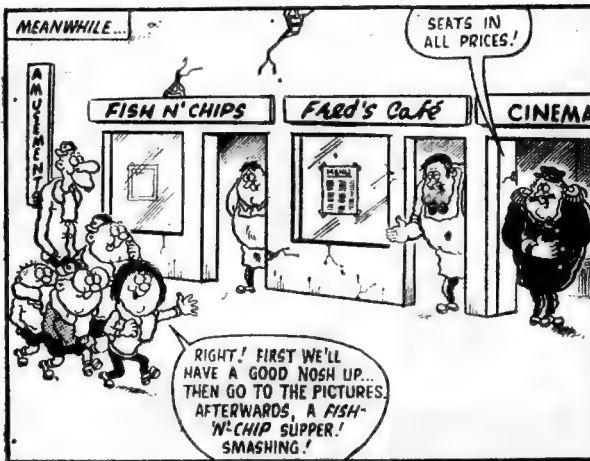
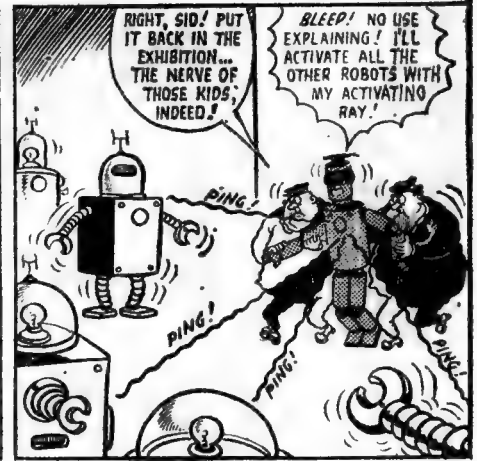
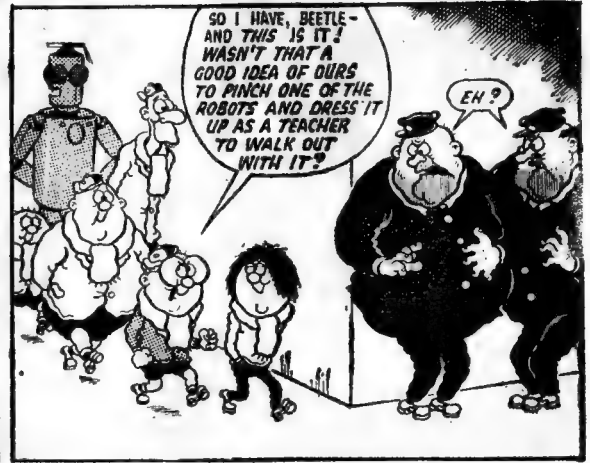
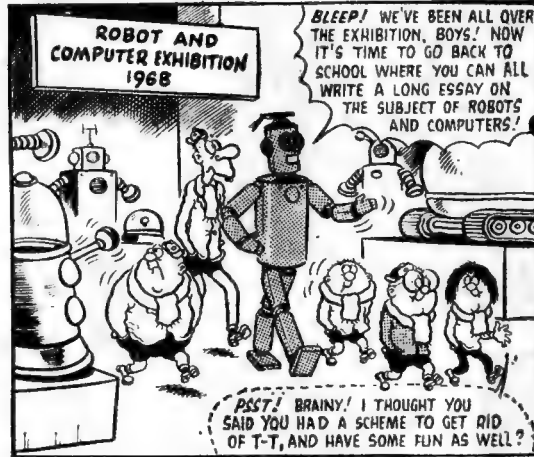
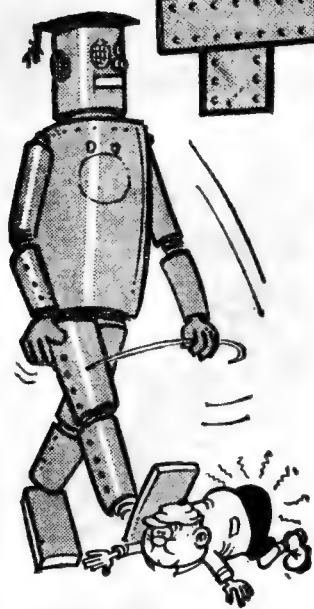


NEXT MONDAY: TREACHERY IN THE VERY FIRST ROUND OF THE BOUT!

TIN TEACHER'S AN AUTOMATIC SUCCESS WHEN IT COMES TO HANDLING ROBOTS!

TIN

TEACHER



THE BOYS HAVE T-T TAPED NEXT WEEK... AND A TELEVISION DETECTOR UNIT GETS THE MESSAGE!

BUSTER'S *Birthday* CLUB

MY ADDRESS:
Buster's Birthday Club,
1-2 Bear Alley,
Farringdon St.,
London, E.C.4 (Comp.)



Look, Kids - SPORTS PRIZES waiting to be won!

GREAT news for all you sports fans! If you're already in my Club, or are joining this week, you could win any one of the exciting prizes pictured on the right—a super cricket bat, a real leather football, netball, or a pair of ball-bearing roller skates. Remember, you must be a registered member of the Club to take part, but newcomers who send in the joining form below may enclose an entry card in the same envelope.

WHAT TO DO: The puzzle on the left shows ten different objects. They all have different names, but each name rhymes with the name of another object in the puzzle. For example No. 3, "CAR," rhymes with No. 10, "STAR," so one of your answers is "3 & 10"—and that's how you print it on the postcard.

Now I've given you one answer, see if you can find the other four pairs and list them ALL neatly on your card, together with your full name, address, date of birth and choice of sports prize. Then ask a grown-up to sign the entry as your own, unaided work.

Print "RHYMING PAIRS" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 4th April. I will award sports prizes, as chosen, for the ten neatest correct entries according to age. My decision is final!



Take your Pick!
FOOTBALLS
NETBALLS
CRICKET BATS
ROLLER SKATES

PRIZES for Birth Dates

17th AUGUST, 1955 19th OCTOBER, 1956
26th JUNE, 1957 18th APRIL, 1958
29th DECEMBER, 1959 23rd FEBRUARY, 1954

CHECK those dates, chums, 'cos if the exact day, month and year of your birth is listed, and providing you sent in to join the Club before Monday, 18th March, you can choose any one of these awards: Pocket Knife, Model Vintage Car Kit, Writing Folder, Fountain Pen.

When you've made your choice, write it on a postcard with your full name, address and date of birth. Then solve this easy puzzle. Simply tell me which of these musical instruments is the "odd man out":

**TROMBONE CORNET UKELELE
CLARINET SAXOPHONE**

Spotted it? Write your answer on the postcard, mark it "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 4th April. Overseas members have until 25th July.



Here's a chance for all those who have been waiting to join the Club—just fill in the form on the right and send it in with your entry to the "RHYMING PAIRS" competition. You could become a member and a prize-winner all at once!

I will enrol you as a member as soon as I receive your joining form—there are no rules or membership cards. Membership is free, but if you want our super BUSTER badge, fill in the bottom form as well and enclose a shilling postal order. (Overseas readers to send International Reply Coupons, NOT postal orders.) If you don't want the badge, send the top form only!

FREE JOINING FORM

Dear Buster—I am, or am becoming, a regular reader of your comic. Please make me a member of your Birthday Club. I have not sent in a joining form before.

MY FULL
Names are
MY FULL
Address is

I was born on:

DAY OF
MONTH
(in figures)

MONTH

YEAR

If you want a Club badge, also PRINT your name and address clearly with a ball pen on the return label below, stick 4d. stamp where shown and enclose with a shilling postal order



The Club Badge costs one shilling plus postage.

Name
Address

Stick
4d stamp
firmly
here for
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If undelivered please return to:
**BUSTER'S Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.)**

HEY, PALS!

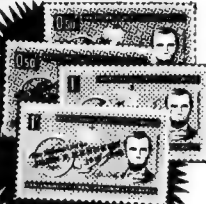


My popular fun-paper is selling out faster every week! So avoid disappointment, and place a regular order for.

BUSTER
and Giggle 7d

Kennedy Memorial Set

**123
DIFFERENT
STAMPS
1/-**



Fabulous bargain TOGO Slavery Set and same stamps overprinted for President Kennedy. **GIANT COLLECTION** 123 all different stamps from all over the world. Also **BOY SCOUT** and **PLANET MAIL** souvenir sheets. Everything for 1/- (worth 6/9) to introduce famous Bargain Approvals. (Bargain Approvals are stamps sent for 14 days' free inspection. Buy what you want, return the rest.)

SEND 1/- TODAY. ASK FOR LOT RF45.

Please tell your parents you are answering this ad.

BROADWAY APPROVALS LTD.
50 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5



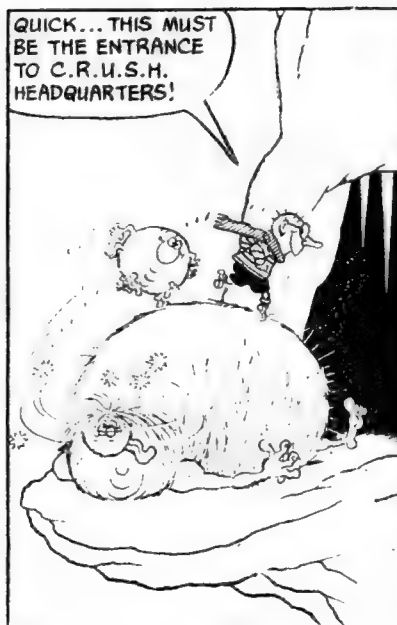
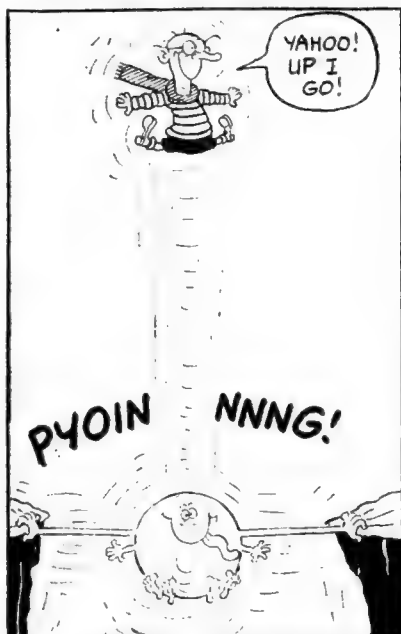
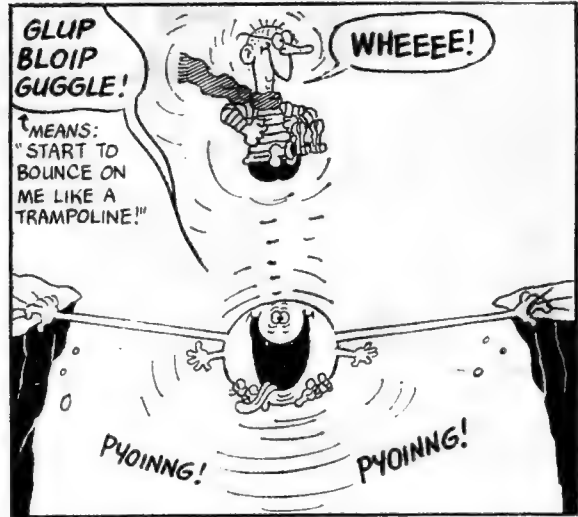
66 British & Commonwealth FREE!

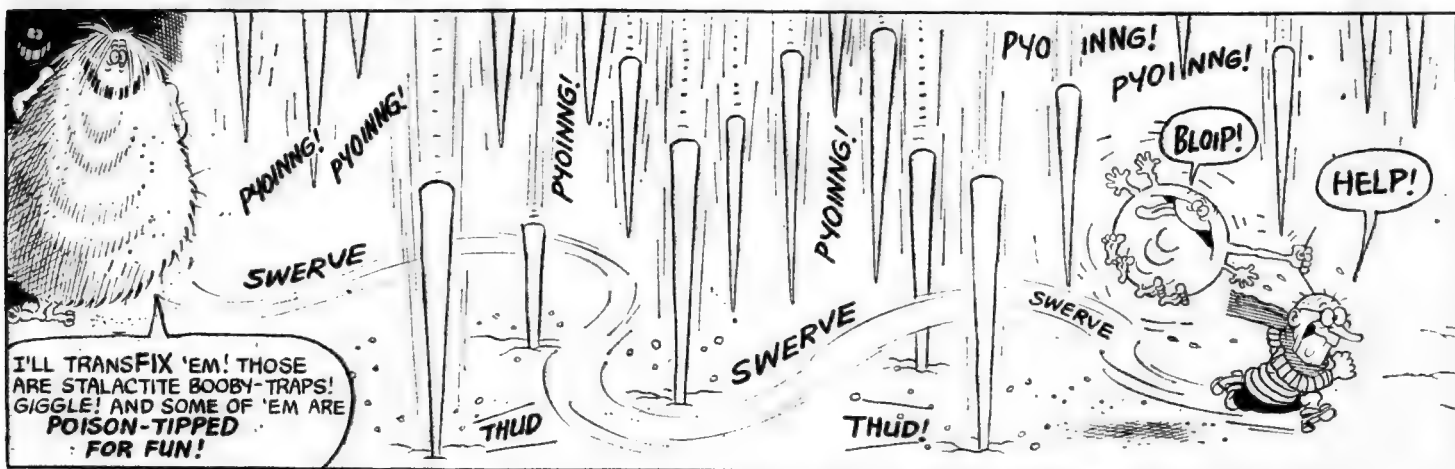
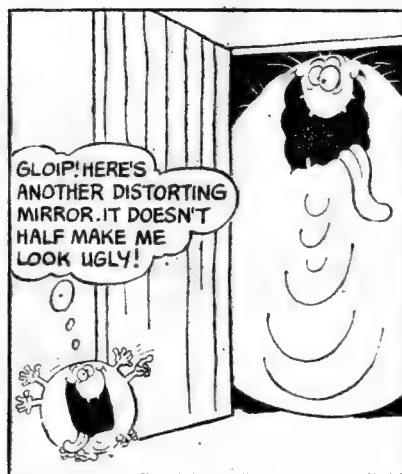
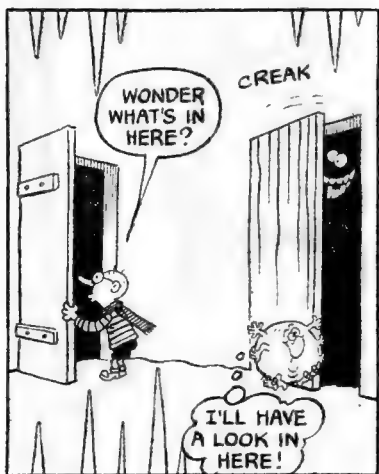
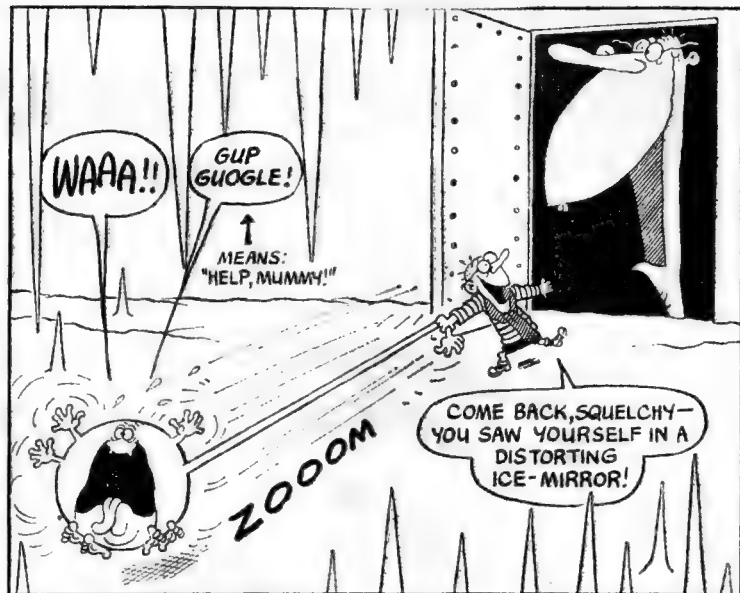
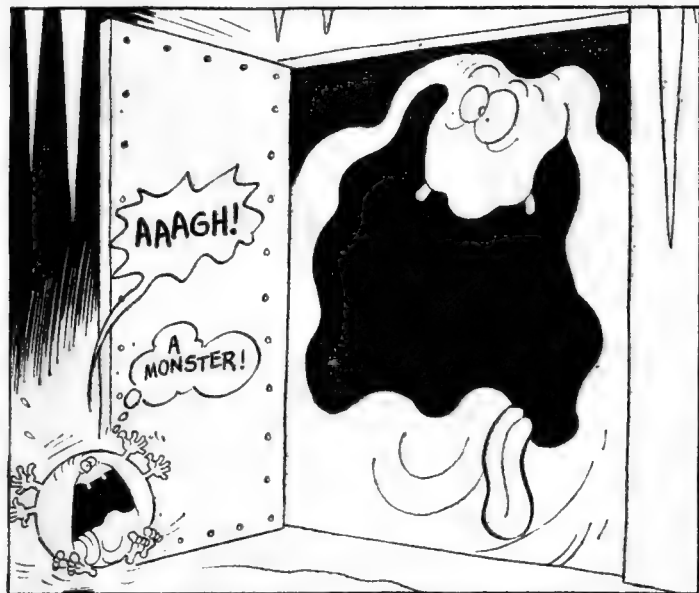
Includin spectacular Fire of London stamp, showa Others from Caymans, St. Kitts, Antigua etc. British Commemoratives alone catalogue at over 5/-! 66 stamps in all—tremendous opportunity for all requesting to see the Sterling! So are Deal Approvals. Send 4d. stamp for postage.

Please tell your parents you are writing.
STERLING Dept B22
Lancing
STAMP SERVICE Sussex

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Mervyn, boy wonder of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), had travelled to Mount Everest, where C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums) was based. Suddenly, the ground opened up beneath our hero and his pal ...





LET'S HOPE OUR FRIENDS DON'T GET THE POINT OF THE PLOT! READ ON NEXT WEEK!

THE SECRET OF THE PACKAGE WAS REVEALED . . . A SURPRISE ALL THE WAY FROM SOUTH AMERICA !



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which changed into a real weapon when the boy uttered certain keywords. One day, a mysterious wooden crate arrived at the Marvels' home on the Cornish coast. Micky and his scientist father unpacked it in eager anticipation. Then . . .



IT...IT'S LIKE AN EGG - A GIGANTIC, SPECKLED EGG!

G-G-GOSH!



UTTERLY AMAZED, DR. MARVEL TAPPED THE COLOSSAL OBJECT WITH A HAMMER...

NO WONDER IT SURVIVED THE JOURNEY WITHOUT CRACKING! THE SHELL SEEMS TO BE SEVERAL INCHES THICK!

BUT...WHO SENT IT, DAD? HOW DID IT GET HERE?

DUNK!

THEN MICKY'S SCIENTIST FATHER NOTICED AN ENVELOPE TACKED TO THE WOODEN FRAMEWORK...



IT LOOKS LIKE A LETTER, MICKY... ADDRESSED TO ME!

NOW MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT JUST WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



SOON, THE TRUTH WAS OUT...

BY THUNDER! IT'S FROM MY OLD FRIEND, FRANK RIESMAN! THE LAST I HEARD OF HIM, HE WAS WORKING ON AN ENGINEERING PROJECT SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AMERICA!

OH, COME ON, DAD...WHAT DOES IT SAY?



"DEAR ADRIAN, THE ENCLOSED EGG, IF THAT IS WHAT IT IS, IS ONE OF SIX WHICH MY CONSTRUCTION TEAM FOUND WHILST DRAINING AN AMAZONIAN SWAMP! YOU KNOW HOW I HATE PUBLICITY, AND RATHER THAN HAVE CROWDS OF REPORTERS AND BOFFINS SWARMING AROUND THE SITE, I'M SENDING ONE OF THE THINGS TO YOU...!"

AS DR. MARVEL FINISHED READING THE LETTER...



FRANK'S LEAVING IT TO ME TO INVESTIGATE THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THE EGG, AND THEN, IF I WISH, ANNOUNCE MY FINDINGS TO THE WORLD!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, DAD...HATCH IT? HA, HA, HA!



I'M GOING TO TRY AND FIND OUT HOW OLD IT IS FIRST, MICKY! GIVE ME A HAND TO RIG UP THESE CARBIDE LAMPS!

GOSH! THIS WILL BE THE FIRST TIME WE'VE TRIED THEM OUT!



SOON, THE FUTURISTIC LAMPS HAD BEEN ARRANGED IN AN UMBRELLA PATTERN ABOVE THE HUGE EGG...

I'M HOPING THAT THE SPECIAL C-RAYS WILL CAUSE THE EGGSHELL TO CHANGE TO A CERTAIN COLOUR, FROM WHICH I CAN DETERMINE ITS AGE TO WITHIN A FEW HUNDRED YEARS!

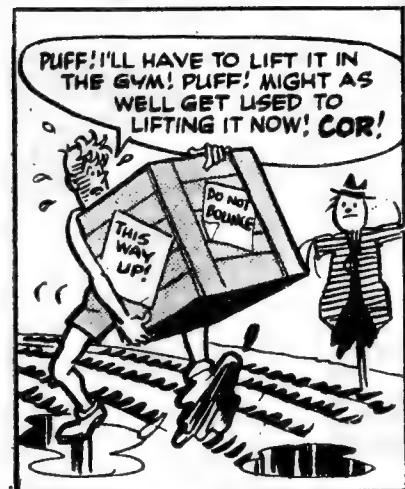
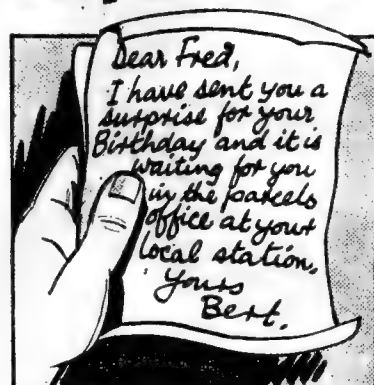
WHAT ON EARTH CAN BE INSIDE IT?

SUDDENLY, A MONSTROUS SHAPE BURST FROM THE EGG !

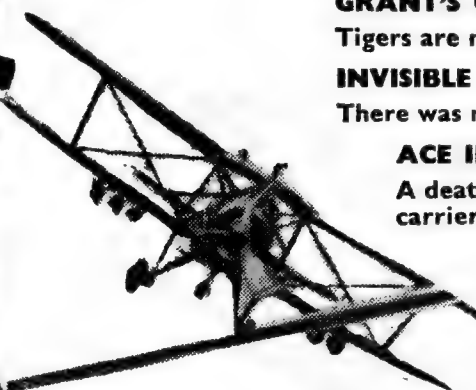


CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

Keep Fit Fred



OUT NOW! Four great stories of air warfare— all in vivid pictures!



AVOIDING ACTION (No. 378)

No man can be neutral in a fight against tyranny.

GRANT'S GREMLINS (No. 379)

Tigers are most dangerous when they are at bay ...

INVISIBLE CONTACT (No. 380)

There was no escaping the hunter's all-seeing eye!

ACE IN THE HOLE (No. 381)

A death or glory torpedo strike from a derelict carrier.

Get your copies today!
1/- each

A FLEETWAY Library : price applies to U.K. only

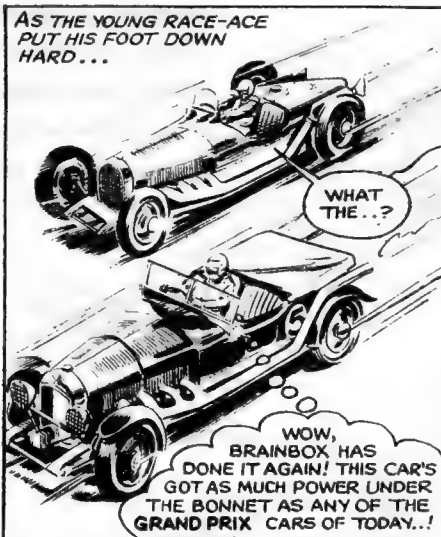
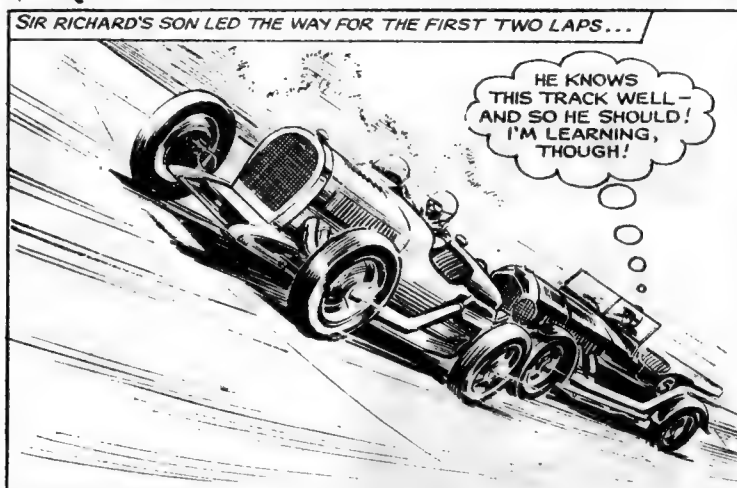
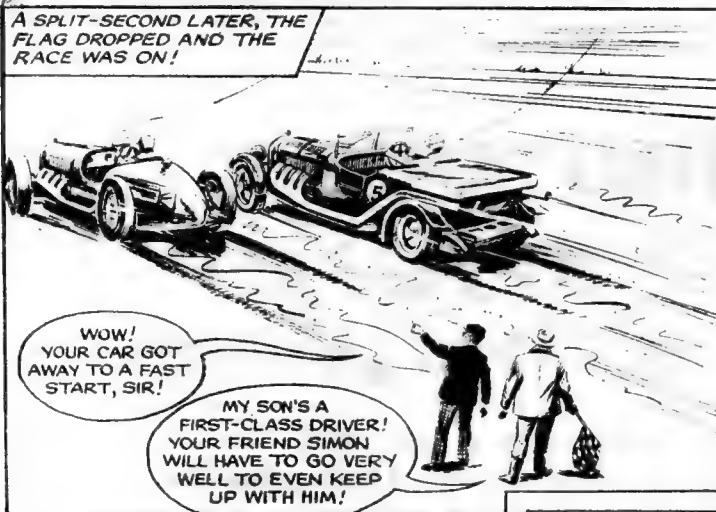
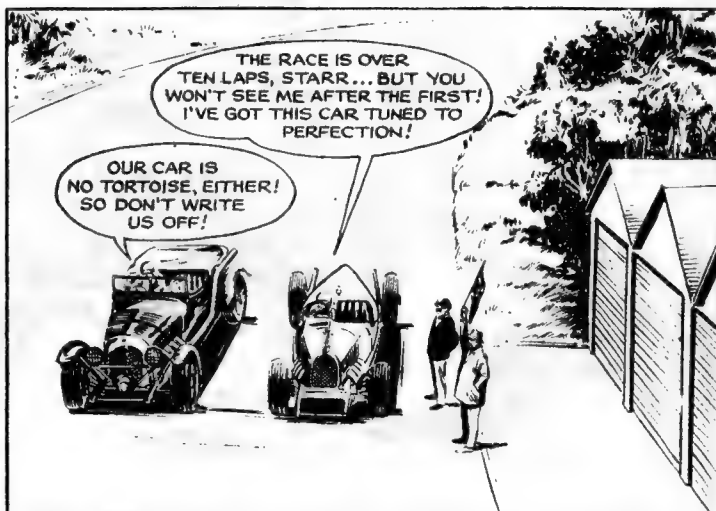
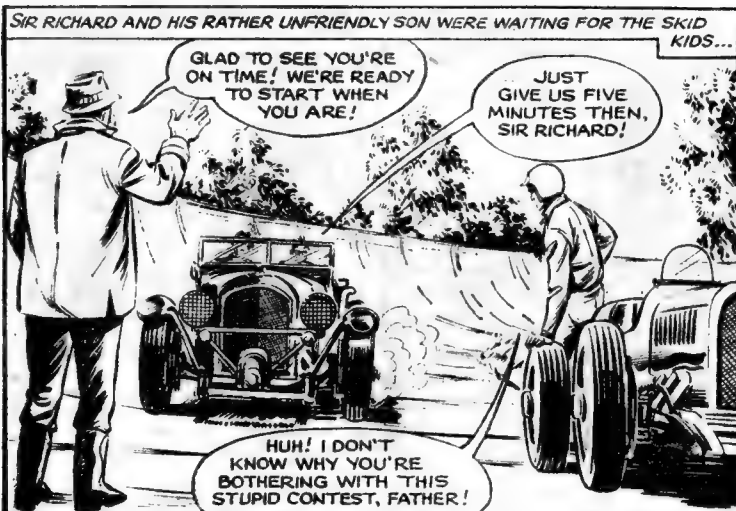
AIR ACE PICTURE LIBRARY



The SKID KIDS



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal "Brainbox" Cox arranged to pit the vintage car they had reconstructed against another owned by Sir Richard Standard. The wealthy landowner's grounds included a banked track suitable for motor racing...



MINUTES LATER...



WELL, I THINK OUR LITTLE CONTEST HAS DECIDED ONE THING, ROGER... SIMON STARR AND HIS CAR ARE UNBEATABLE AS FAR AS WE ARE CONCERNED!

HUH! SO I'M OUT OF FAVOUR NOW, EH? WELL, I'LL FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO DRIVE FOR! AND IF I EVER COME UP AGAINST THESE TWO AGAIN... I'LL BEAT 'EM HANDS DOWN!

THAT'S ENOUGH, ROGER... THERE'S NO NEED TO LOSE YOUR TEMPER, AS WELL AS THE RACE!



ROGER STANDARD STALKED OFF, FUMING ANGRILY. BUT THE OTHERS IGNORED HIM...

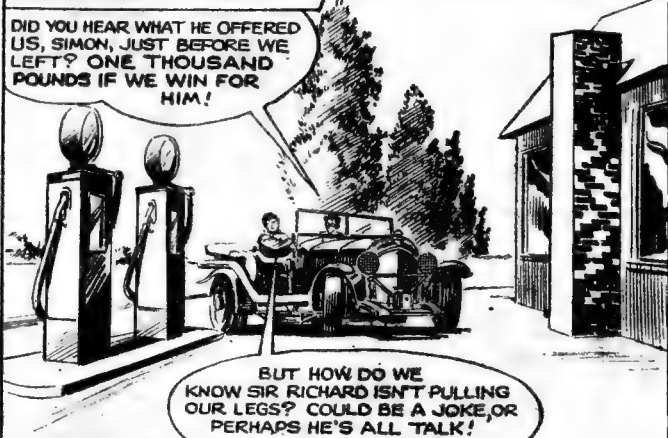
MY MIND IS MADE UP, BOYS... TOMORROW I'M GOING TO ISSUE A CHALLENGE TO THE WHOLE MOTOR-RACING WORLD... OFFERING FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS TO ANY CAR THAT CAN BEAT YOURS ON A BANKED TRACK!



FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS! WOW!

ER... I HOPE WE DON'T LOSE, SIR!

THE SKID KIDS AND SIR RICHARD STANDARD PARTED, AND THE PALS MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE GARAGE THEY WERE TEMPORARILY MANAGING...



DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE OFFERED US, SIMON. JUST BEFORE WE LEFT? ONE THOUSAND POUNDS IF WE WIN FOR HIM!

BUT HOW DO WE KNOW SIR RICHARD ISN'T PULLING OUR LEGS? COULD BE A JOKE, OR PERHAPS HE'S ALL TALK!

A WEEK PASSED...



NOT A WORD FROM SIR RICHARD... I RECKON I WAS RIGHT! HE WAS HAVING US ON!

A PITY THOUGH, SIMON... WE COULD HAVE DONE A LOT WITH THE PRIZE-MONEY!

BUT, IN THE MORNING NEWSPAPER...



Clarion
DRIVERS ACCEPT CHALLENGE
TEN OF THE WORLD'S TOP MOTOR RACING DRIVERS HAVE ACCEPTED SIR RICHARD STANDARD'S CHALLENGE TO TAKE ON THE VINTAGE SPEEDSTER PREPARED BY BRAINBOX COX AND DRIVEN BY SIMON STARR, OVER THE BANKED RACE CIRCUIT AT MANDRA, ITALY. THE PRIZE FOR VICTORY IS FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS!



THEN IT'S TRUE! HE WASN'T PULLING OUR LEGS!

GOSH, IT'S FANTASTIC! HANG ON A MOMENT... THE PHONE'S RINGING!



MR. COX? THERE'S A LONG-DISTANCE CALL FOR YOU...!

LONG DISTANCE? WHO CAN THAT BE?



HELLO, BRAINBOX! SIR RICHARD HERE! I'M AT MANDRA, IN ITALY... YOU'LL BE RACING HERE NEXT WEEK! CAN YOU GET THE CAR OUT HERE WITHIN TWO DAYS?

TWO DAYS? WE'LL HAVE TO, WON'T WE?

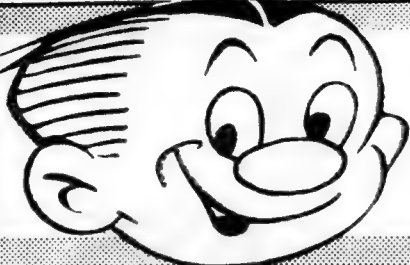


THERE WAS ONE PROBLEM, THOUGH...

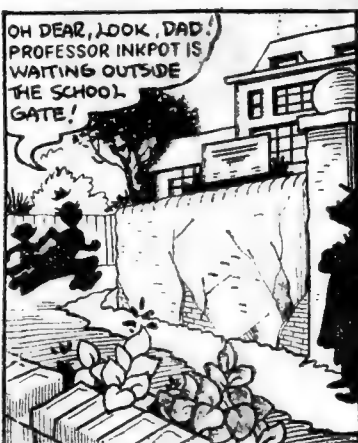
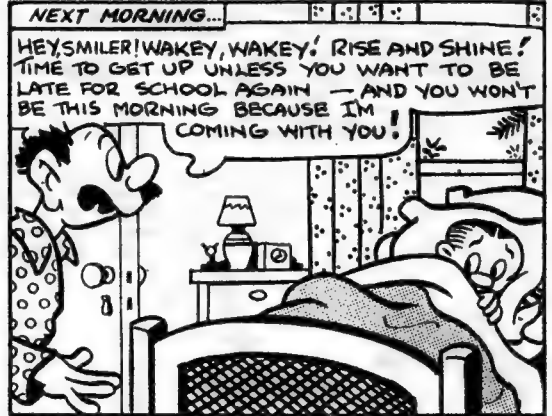
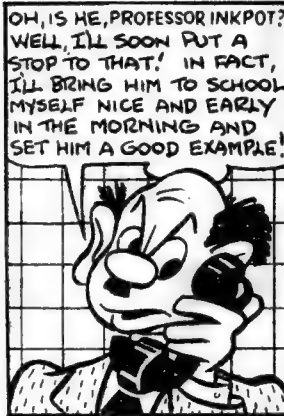
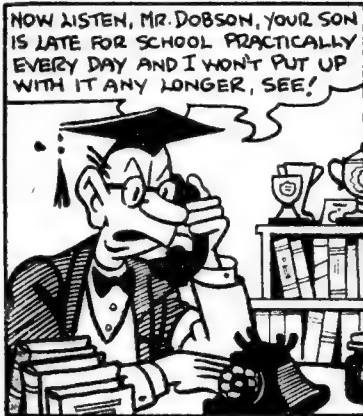
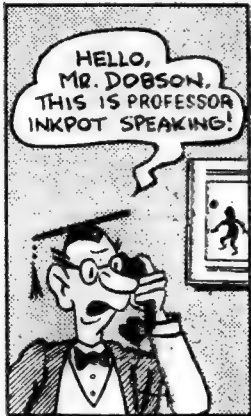
HOW DO YOU... ME... AND THE CAR GET OUT TO ITALY ON TEN AND FOURPENCE HA'PENNY? THAT'S ALL WE'VE GOT!

OH, CRUMBS...! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

WILL THE SKID KIDS MISS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME? READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



SMILER

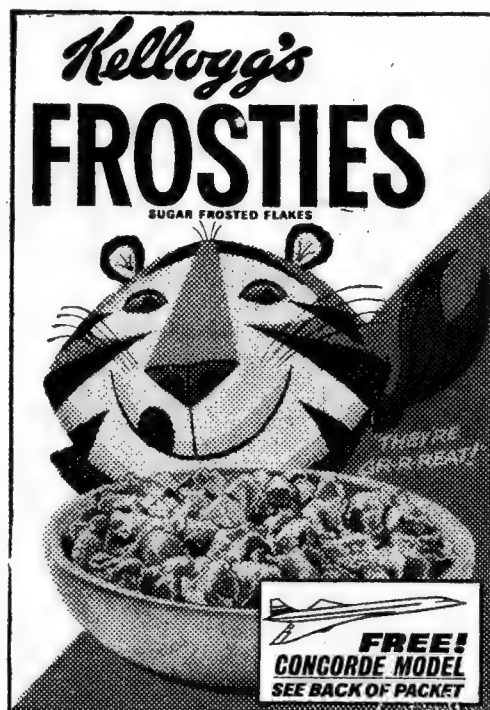


FREE MODEL KIT OF THE Concorde FASTEST JET LINER IN THE WORLD

Yours with just **six** packet tops from either **Frosties** or **Raisin Bran**, or **six** wrappers from Kellogg's **Variety**. The supersonic Anglo-French Concorde will be the fastest jet liner in the world—whizzing its 135 passengers 60,000 ft. up in the stratosphere at a cruising speed of 1,450 mph. The Concorde will take just $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours to travel from London to New York. How fast can you send in just six packet tops or wrappers for your authentic 10" long Concorde Model?



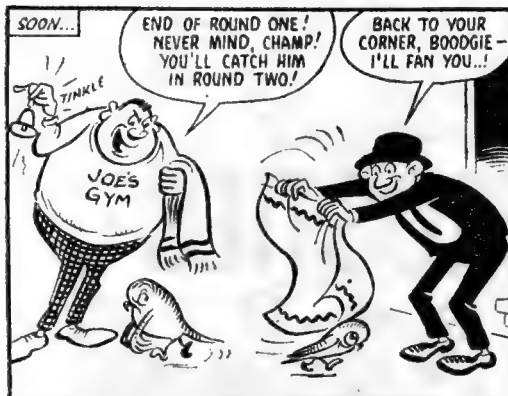
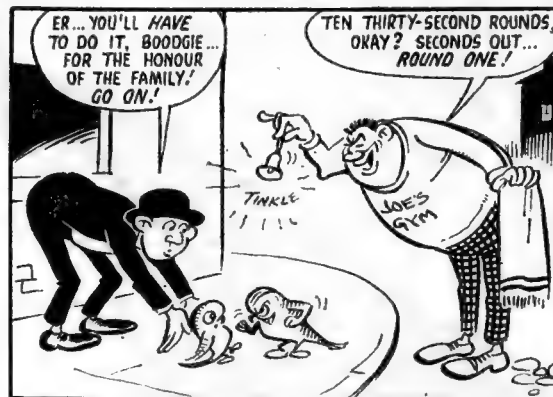
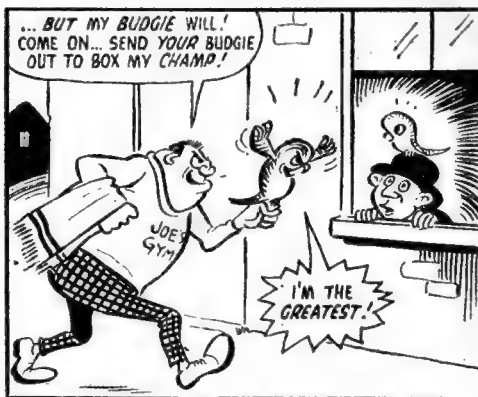
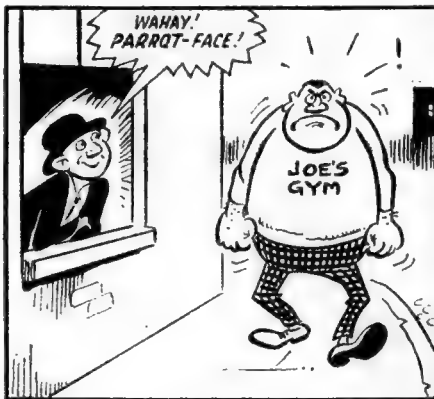
ACTUAL SIZE
Beautifully moulded
in white, high impact
polystyrene—ready
for you to pop together
and paint.



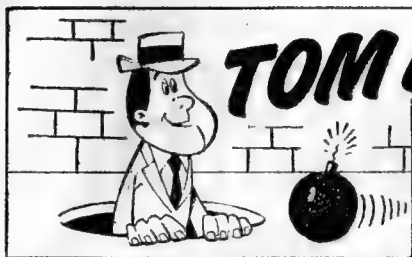
IT'S SAID THAT "A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS A REST" ... AND THE BUDGIES PROVE IT!



FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES



FUN AT A FOOTBALL MATCH NEXT WEEK — AND THE BUDGIES SAVE THE DAY FOR FREDDY!



TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

Fired!

TOM ARTO was suffering the penalties of his fame. Throughout the world he was known and his enemies were very active.

Five hundred of these had reached London and were on his track.

Many attempts were made on his life. One of the spies even disguised himself as the office cat and had lapped up half the cat's milk before Tom recognised him by his bowler . . . his cat only wore a flat cap.

Realising the game was up, the spy turned pale. Upon being searched, it was discovered that the spy possessed a revolver loaded with ice cream, so that he could start a cold war in Tom's office.

It took Tom only a short time to tie the man up with rope and send him packing . . . back to his own country. Tom was left with only four hundred and ninety-nine enemies, which was better.

Next day, Tom received a present: in actual fact, under the wrapping paper was a bomb, but

into the receiver. "He thinks he's the only chump. He's forgetting you."

"Is that Tom Arto?"

"Speaking."

"Sleeping?"

"Speaking. Not sleeping."

"My name is Captain Suddenrush."

"Scrubbing Brush?"

"Suddenrush! Somebody's pinched my hands. I can't find them."

"Have you looked up the ends of your sleeves?"

"That's where I keep mine," said Tom.

"Not those hands—I mean my deck hands. My crew. They've gone and I want to go to sea."

"To see who?"

"To see nobody."

"Well, you can stay at home and see nobody," pointed out Tom. "There's no need to travel if you only want to see nobody."

"I want to leave port!"

"Well, what's stopping you?"

"My crew's been pinched," howled the captain in a frenzy. "Come to the docks at once. This is the work of spies."

Tom rang off.

He turned to his assistant.

"You'd better come with me," he said.

"This captain's a bit odd. Says somebody's run away to see nobody. His name's Captain Scrubbing Brush."

They put on their hats and Tom locked the cat in to make sure that there would be at least one 'Tom' in the office. Then they made their way to the docks.

Arriving there they were met by a man wearing the gorgeous uniform of an Asiatic Pest Powder Tester.

"Tom Arto?" asked this man.

"Yes."

"Captain Suddenrush is expecting you. Come this way."

He led the way to a huge vessel. On the deck was the biggest gun Tom had ever seen.

They went below to a large cabin packed with men. Tom counted four hundred and ninety-nine of them, and knew that he and his assistant had been trapped!

These were the spies. His enemies!

"So Tom Arto, we meet at last," said the leader. "Nice of you to fall into this trap. Seize him, lads!"

Both were bound with heavy rope and flung into a small cabin.

"Perhaps you noticed that huge gun on deck?" asked the leader.

"Yes," replied Tom.

"That fires a shell for hundreds of miles. Next time it fires, it will not be a shell. At tea time it will fire you."

"What about tea?" asked Tom.

"Never mind tea."

"I can't travel all that distance on an empty stomach," said Tom.

"You'll have to," said the leader as he closed the door behind him.

They lay still for some minutes, and then Tom turned to his assistant.

"Chew these ropes," he instructed.

"I'm not hungry," said the young man.

"Never mind. Chew them. I must be free. I have an idea."

The assistant chewed the ropes and soon Tom was free. He changed hats with his young companion.

"Now they'll think you're me," he said.

"You will be fired instead!"

"I've never been fired in my life. I don't think I shall like it," said Tom's understudy.

"Nonsense!" said Tom. "It will be an outing for you. A chance to see the world!"

So saying, he crawled through the porthole and dropped into the water.

It was the largest ship Tom had ever seen. He swam round, awaiting events.

At last he heard sounds of action on deck. There was an ear-splitting report as the gun was fired. Tom saw a speck disappear in the distance it was his assistant.

Tom heard the leader's voice:

"Tom Arto has gone! You heard the report. There will be another one in tomorrow's papers."

"Hooray!" cried the men.

"I'll be called a hero back home," announced the spy leader. "I may even be decorated!"

"I wouldn't mind giving the big-head a pasting myself," said Tom to himself.

Gulping down a whole packet of extra-strong peppermints, he warmed to the task ahead.

Tom put his shoulder under the ship and lifted it on to its end. The spies slid off the other end into the water.

Tom, letting the ship drop back into place, climbed aboard.

THE SPY TURNED "PALE"



the super secret agent guessed this on discovering the parcel was tied with fuse wire—lighted, too!

Tom was pleased with this escape and decided to give his assistant all the presents which might arrive in the future. The young man thanked him and took out an insurance policy.

The following morning, Tom and the assistant were in the office; Tom was hoping that the spies would start something new, his assistant was hoping they wouldn't. The telephone rang.

"Hello," said Tom.

"Hello," said the assistant.

"Not you," said Tom. "I'm speaking to another chump."

"Pardon?" said a voice at the other end of the wire.

"I was telling my assistant that I'm speaking to a different chump altogether," explained Tom

ONE MAN LED THE WAY



He looked down at the spies.

"YOU!" cried the leader. "B-but who was that we fired off?"

"My assistant," replied Tom. "Wherever he's gone, he's got his fare home. You'll never get me, so be off with you!"

When last seen the spies were swimming home to their own countries. Poor fish!

A month later, Tom received a lovely postcard from his assistant. It was posted in New Zealand.

"Shan't be home," it said. "I landed on a sheep station, and now I'm going to marry the boss's daughter! She's a lamb!"

"Ah, well," sighed Tom. "Perhaps it's, for the best. He was always getting the wool pulled over his eyes in this job!"

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in next week's "BUSTER AND GIGGLE"! Order your copy without delay!)



SUPER SOCCER THRILLS WITH...

"Raven on the Wing"

He was a gipsy lad whose uncanny instinct enabled him to be a football wizard—and on his slim shoulders rested the fortunes of lowly Highboro' United! Follow his exciting adventures in thrill-packed pictures every week in . . .

VALIANT
ON SALE EVERY MONDAY-7d



PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

BECAUSE OF THE TREACHERY OF HIS OLD ENEMY, PEG-LEG PALMER, THE OUTLOOK WAS BLACK FOR PATCH-EYE HOOKER. HE WAS HELD CAPTIVE ABOARD A NAVAL FLAGSHIP... BOUND FOR JAMESTOWN DOCKYARD AND THE SEVEREST PENALTY FOR HIS ACTS OF PIRACY...

UP ABOVE, WILL BARBER, HOOKER'S CABIN BOY, WORKED HARD AT THE WINDING GEAR THAT PROPELLED TOBIAS FLAGON'S LATEST INVENTION...

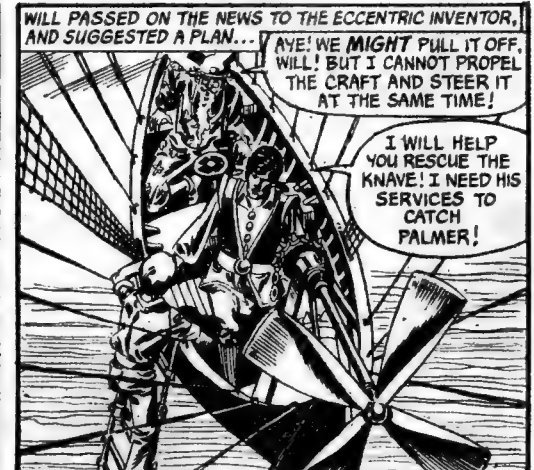
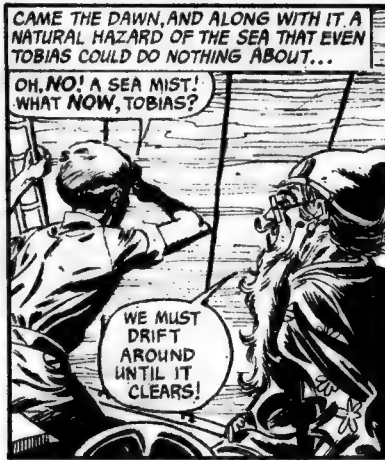


THEN A BLACK SHAPE GLIDED BENEATH THEM...



IN ACTUAL FACT, IT WAS PEG-LEG PALMER WHO WAS GIVING THE NAVY THE SLIP...

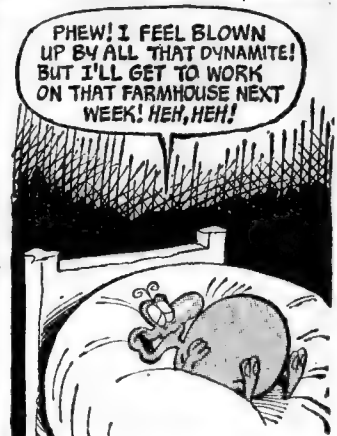
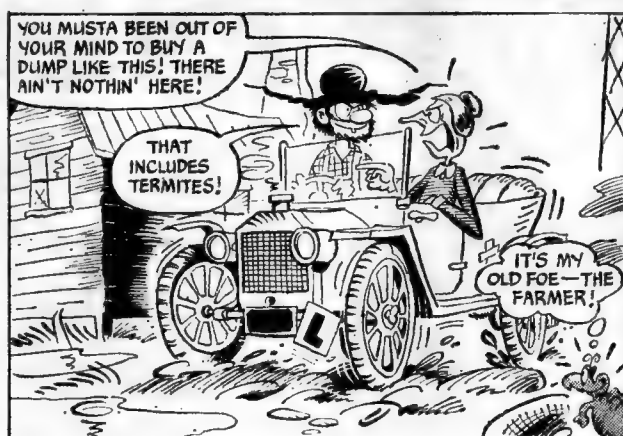
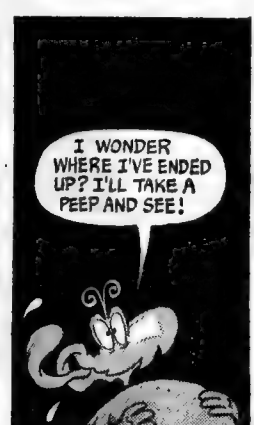
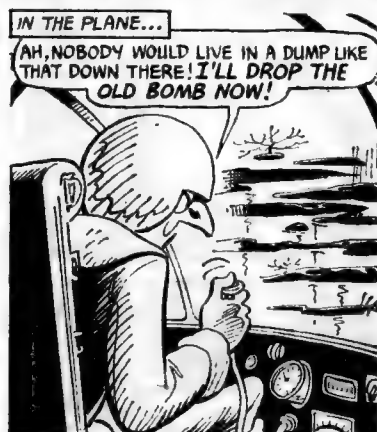
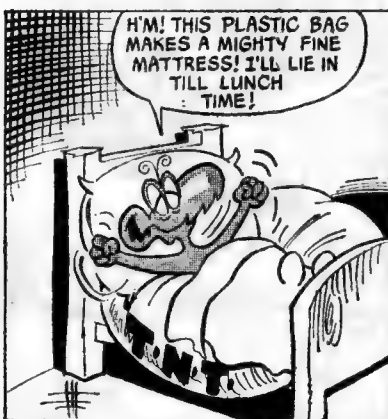




DON'T MISS THE DRAMATIC CONCLUSION TO THIS SWASHBUCKLING TALE NEXT WEEK!

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



PALITON REGD.

ACTION man

defies the waves
in his new
**BREECHES BUOY
OUTFIT!**

Drama at sea! Now you can carry out thrilling ship-to-ship rescues with Action Man's great new breeches buoy. And it actually works! This is the authentic rescue gear as used by seamen and coastguards throughout the world. Complete with 'oilskins', flare pistol, and signal lamp. Slip Action Man into the harness, sling the buoy from a clothes line or any other length of rope and haul him away to safety. Makes a terrific action game — indoors or out!

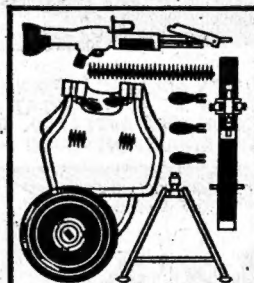
Look out for
these other great
new outfits too:



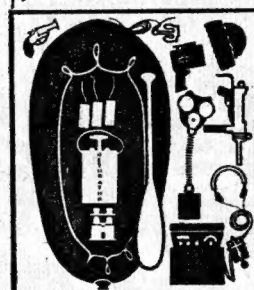
Red Devil



Armoured Car Commander



Infantry Support Weapons



Sabotage Set

PERIL FROM BELOW

The origin of the huge mounds that appeared soon after Dick Rivers and his oil drillers had bored deep down into the earth in a remote part of Pembrokeshire was no longer a mystery. They were thrown up by gigantic white creatures that tunnelled up from the depths below causing havoc wherever they appeared. Despite emergency measures, the menace was spreading rapidly . . .

THE AUTHORITIES COULD ONLY GUESS WHERE THE CREATURES MIGHT APPEAR NEXT, AND TANKS WERE RUSHED TO THE AREA. BUT NO CREATURES SHOWED THEMSELVES. ONLY THE MOUNDS THEY HAD MADE THE PREVIOUS NIGHT COULD BE SEEN IN THE SUNLIGHT. . .

TO THINK I'D BE BASKING ON SOME BEACH IF I HADN'T BEEN RECALLED FROM LEAVE ! I'LL REALLY LET THOSE THINGS HAVE IT WHEN THEY SHOW UP !

YEAH — WHEN !

ALSO STANDING BY IN THE SWELTERING SUNSHINE WERE FIGHTER PILOTS WAITING FOR THE CALL THAT WOULD SEND THEM INTO THE AIR . . .

PHEW ! IT'S HOT IN THIS CLOBBER !

I WISH A CALL WOULD COME ! IT'LL BE COOLER UP TOP !

SOME FIFTY MILES AWAY, THE SUN DID NOT SHINE ON THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE OF LOCUM BASSETT. THE WEATHER WAS STORMY. . .

LOCUM BASSETT

BUT IT WAS NOT THE STORM THAT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HAVOC THAT BEFELL THE HAMLET THAT FATEFUL NOON . . .

BY GLORY ! LOOK AT THE STEEPLE !

WITHIN MINUTES THE WHOLE VILLAGE SEEMED TO ERUPT AS THE GREAT BURROWING CREATURES APPEARED. PANIC STRICKEN, THE INHABITANTS FLED . . .

ONLY THE VILLAGE CONSTABLE KEPT HIS HEAD . . .

THERE'S AT LEAST SIX OF 'EM ! HURRY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE !

WITHIN TEN MINUTES OF THE CALL THE FIGHTERS WERE ON THE SCENE...

WATCH HOW YOU GO, JOE! KEEP THE DAMAGE DOWN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE!

ROGER!

BUT WHEN THEY FLEW OVER LOCUM BASSETT...

BY GEORGE! THERE'S HARDLY A BRICK STANDING! IT'S PRACTICALLY WIPED OUT!

SWEEPING THROUGH THE SWIRLING RAINCLOUDS, THEY SUDDENLY SIGHTED THEIR TARGETS...

THERE THEY ARE! SCRAMBLING TOWARDS THOSE ROCKS!

THE GREAT CREATURES PRESENTED THE PILOTS WITH A SITTING TARGET...

TURNING IN TO ATTACK!

THEN AS THE LEADER LINED HIMSELF UP FOR THE KILL, THE SUN BROKE THROUGH...

HERE GOES!

INSTEAD OF FIRING, THE PILOT LET OUT A CRY OF SURPRISE...

THEY'VE VANISHED!

INDEED THEY HAD...

NOT A SIGN OF THEM! YET THEY WERE HERE!

NO MOUNDS, EITHER!

BACK IN LONDON, DICK RIVERS WAS TOLD OF THE STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS...

NO MOUNDS - NO NOTHING, RIVERS! THEY JUST VANISHED INTO SOLID ROCK!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

GET DOWN TO LOCUM BASSETT AND INVESTIGATE AT ONCE! WE DON'T WANT WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT VILLAGE TO HAPPEN HERE IN LONDON!

OR ANYWHERE ELSE, COME TO THAT!

BUT THERE WERE OTHERS OF A DIFFERENT FRAME OF MIND...

THAT VILLAGE AIN'T SO FAR AWAY! WIV A BIT O' LUCK ONE OF THEM THINGS MIGHT SMASH DOWN THE PRISON WALL IN THE NIGHT!

SOME 'OPES OF THAT 'APPENING! WAKE ME UP IF IT DOES!

CAN ANYTHING HALT THE ADVANCE OF THE FEARSOME MONSTERS? SEE NEXT WEEK!



H'M! NOT MUCH MEAT ON YOU, IS THERE? EAT THIS—IT SOON FATTEN YOU UP!

SHAN'T!



LESS LIP, LAD, OR I WORK MAGIC AND TURN YOU INTO FROG!

HUH! YOU'RE ALL TALK! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY IT!



NEXT SECOND...

MUMBO JUMBO, OGGLE OG-TURNUM KID INTO A FROG!

COO, HE HAS, TOO! NOW I CAN HOP IT!

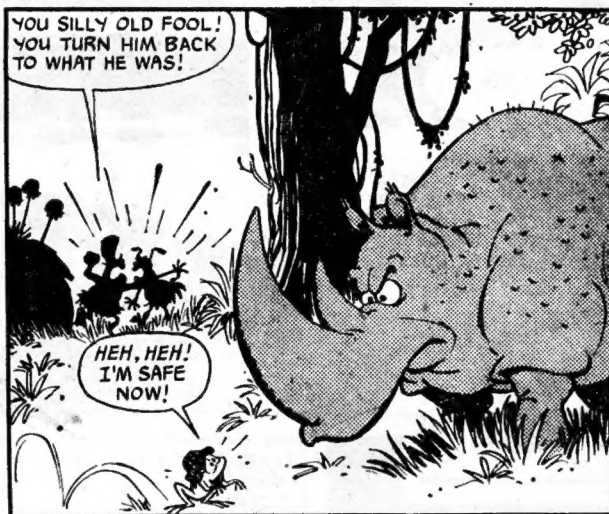


THE CHIEF WASN'T PLEASED...

WHERE'S THE KID? ME HUNGRY!

HIM CHEEKY—I TURN HIM INTO FROG!

HEH, HEH! THAT WITCH-DOCTOR WILL GET A ROASTING FOR SPOILING THE CHIEF'S DINNER!



YOU SILLY OLD FOOL! YOU TURN HIM BACK TO WHAT HE WAS!

HEH, HEH! I'M SAFE NOW!

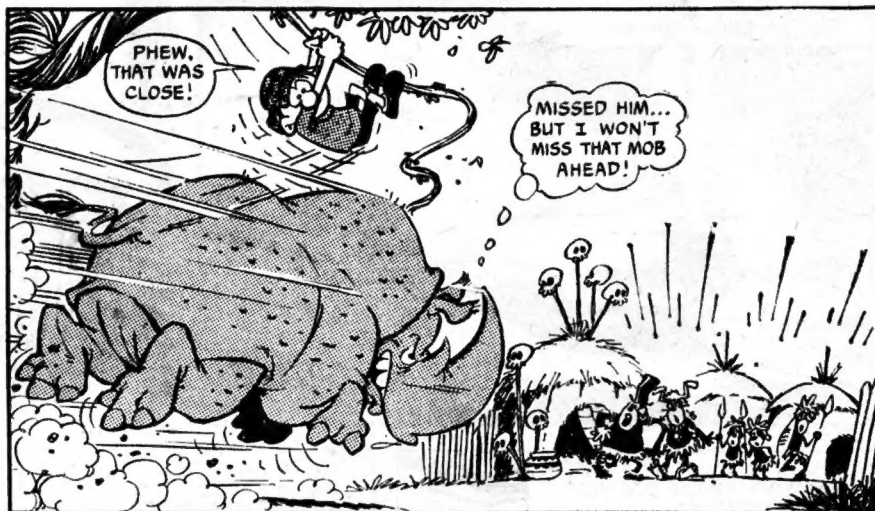


BUSTER HAD SPOKEN TOO SOON...

WOW! A RHINO—AND I'M BACK TO NORMAL! IT'S TIME I HOPPED IT AGAIN!



TIME FOR ME TO DO A 'JUNGLE MAN' ACT NOW!



PHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE!

MISSED HIM... BUT I WON'T MISS THAT MOB AHEAD!



YOU A REAL SWINGING KID! LET YOU AND ME BE MATES AND SWING ALONG TOGETHER!

OKAY, JUNGLE MAN! LET'S GO!



THEN BUSTER WOKE UP...

EE! IF YOU GET MUCH CLOSER TO THE SET, LAD, YOU'LL BE IN THERE WITH HIM!

DUR—WHO PUT THAT TREE THERE?

THE LAUGHS ARE ON BUSTER WHEN HE GETS MIXED UP WITH A JOLLY JOKER NEXT MONDAY!